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TO THE SPIRIT OF MVCH forwardneſſe, in the inclination to much goodneſſe, in the loue of learning, and the honor of vertue: M. *Thomas Rowe*, ſonne to the Lady *Bartley of* Stoke, Nich. Breton *wiſheth with continuance of health, a proſperous atchieuement of his vertuous deſires.*

SYr, my acquaintance with you hath not beene litle, nor my loue leſſe, which I wold bee glad to manifeſt in ſome better matter thē bare words, and yet, ſince words well weyed, ſometime carry matter of good ſence; in the words which I write, I pray you wey the ſence of my good will; which if it haue not done ſo well as I wiſh, beare with it for a litle fault, and it may bee I will mend it with a greater: but leauing compliments, let me entreat you, in your kindneſſe, to Patronage this childe of my beſt choiſe, to anſwere the regard of your good diſcretion; in whom, though you finde not that

A 3 fineneſſe,

fineneſſe, that is fitting to phantaſtike humours, yet it may bee you ſhall note ſome ſuch matter of contentment, as may be a little worthy entertainment: the beſt is this; there is a carefull mothers bleſſing to her beloued ſonne: the firſt I know you haue, and the ſecond I doubt not you are: who reading what I haue written, and remembring what you haue read, I am aſſured will pleaſe her that loueth you, and loue him that herein hath pleaſed you: & for that much good that he knoweth in you, will euer loue you: but ſeeing it were better that I rather do ſo, then tell you ſo, I will leaue my hope to a good occaſion to manifeſt the nature of my affection: And ſo beſeeching God to bleſſe your forwardneſſe in all good actions, and to preſerue you from all illuſions.

Yours I reſt at commaund, in what mine owne.

Nich. Breton.

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To the Reader.



Entlemen, there are so many idle Pamphlets vnder the abused name of Poetrie, abroad in the world, that matter of good worth, either morall, or diuine, if it bee handled in verse, it is almost as ill as vertue; it will not sell almost for any thing: yet amõg a number, of, no matter for thẽ, I doubt not but there are some wil giue Reason his right, and Vertue her due; to such onely I commend this little tract of morall discipline: which though it be handled in single verse, yet if it please you to peruse it, I hope you will not vtterly disdaine it: such as it is, I leaue it to your discreete censures, and kinde corrections; in which, as you shall shewe the best conditions of dispositions, so shall you giue mee cause with much thankfulnesse, to present you hereafter with some better substance: But least I promise more then I can performe, I pray you take this in as good part, as if it had bin a matter of more worth:

and

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and so wishing you all that beare good mindes, the happy fruites of your best desires: Loath to be too tedious, I rest as I finde cause.

Your friend,

N. Breton.

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The Mothers blessing.

MY sonne, my sonne, my best beloued sonne,
Hear my deare son, what careful charge I leaue thee:
Take hold of *Time*, the glasse is quickly run,
Trust not to *Fortune*, for she will deceiue thee:
What ere thou art, let not the world perceiue thee.
Know God, loue him, be gouern'd by his will,
And haue no doubt of good, nor feare of ill.

Weare laizie Will, from thriftlesse Idlenes:
Beware the wanton, to abuse thy wit:
Vnbridled Will breeds but vnhappines,
How euer sorrowes Care would couer it:
Who buyes Repentance must pay deare for it.
Time, Truth, and Triall, will in one agree:
The fruits of sin, Death, shame, and sorrow bee.

Loue not vpon the first delightfull looke:
Nor hate, vpon the first conceiued harme;
Let not the care of Conscience be mistooke,
And feare the force of the Almightie arme:
Feare not mischance, nor harken to a charme.
By graceles meanes, deuise not to enrich thee,
And let no worlds vnworthy loue bewitch thee.

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If that thou serue a Thatcher, do him due:
But if thou canst, subscribe not to the Clowne:
Lest all too late, thou find'st it all too true,
When thou hast thatcht the house, he throw thee
But neuer fret, how euer Fortune frowne. (downe,
For what the higher powers of heau'n decree,
There is no asking, why it should so bee.

Breake not thy word, that well thou maist performe,
For words are waide by men of worthy minde:
Take heed of those, that falshoods do enforme,
And strike not saile, for euery blast of winde:
Nor do thy spirit to thy body binde.
Giue not a Misers liberalitie,
And feare the fruite of prodigalitie.

Heare all men speake, but harken to the wise,
Learne of the learned, and the vertuous loue:
And let no pride thy blessed soule surprise,
That may discretion from thy minde remoue:
Humilitie is grac't with God aboue.
And Courtesie, with honors dariage,
Twixt Loue, and Beautie, makes a mariage.

Be kinde to those, that kindly do deserue,
Cruell to none, a Tyrant is a Deuill:
Haue speciall care, thy health for to preserue,
And keep thee from the Epicurian euill,
Loue not the eye that squints, nor lips that dreuill.
Beware the Pander, and the Parasite,
And do not leaue a Faulcon for a Kite.

Giue not thine eare to euery Idle tale,
And trust no more, then what of needs thou must:
Set not the secrets of thy heart to sale,
For feare, they throw thine honor in the dust,
And do not loue the treasure that will rust.
Make it thy day, but when the Sun doth shine,
And ioy in soule, but in the loue diuine.

Place not thy learning in a Library,
Yet reede, and marke, remember, and apply:
And till thou art a perfect Antiquary,
Stand not too much vpon antiquitie:
Let vertue note the best Nobilitie.
Be wise in all things, that thou doest intend,
A good beginning makes a blessed end.

Stand not on termes with persons of estate,
Be truly loyall in thy life and loue:
Know what belongs vnto a Magistrate,
Who hath his office from the heau'nsabouc:
Nor make a Gaunlet of a hedging glouc.
Let Bountie euer be the fruite of thrift,
For borrowing is too neare the Beggers shift.

Looke into Nature with Discretions eye,
And sort thy selfe with vnderstanding spirits:
Build not thy Castle of conceit too high,
Nor let thy hopes be grounded but on Merits,
While heedles Connies feare the hunters Ferits.
Giue none abuse, nor basely take disgrace,
Nor loue that minde, that hath a brazen face.

A blessed Colour is a maiden blush,
And setled Countenance is a comely sight:
Stand not too long in beating of a bush:
For feare the Bird beguile thee with her slight,
In idle follies, neuer take delight.
Trauaile, but toile not, painfull is the pleasure,
Where lacke of eare, in labour hath no measure.

If God haue blest thee with an inward good,
Be ioyfull of his blessing, but not proud:
For, be the Phœnix nere so rare a Brood,
Nature doth wonders in her worke howse shroud:
The Sunne itselfe, sometimes is in a cloud.
Conceal'd comforts are the kindest sweets,
Where, loue, and honor, with discretion meets.

A boasting tongue is like a hollow horne,
Which makes a noyse, but nothing worth the eare:
And bragging Rastells are not to be borne,
Though fooles of choise, sometime are worth the cheere:
Yet in the points of wisdome true appearing, bring,
Presumptuous fooles, and irreligious Iewes,
Emong the Noblest sort should neuer sit.

Know how to loue, but know not how to hate:
T'one halfe a heauen, the tother halfe a hell:
Learne what belongs to Fortune, and to Fate,
And trust not all that I doe tell:
And do not credit, before you learne to spell.
But keep thy spirits with that speciall care,
That Truth may shew thee, where her honors are.

Offend not God, with figuring the faire,
In higher substance then may fit their sexe.
And looke not after humors in the aire,
That hurt the heart, or may the spirit vexe,
And let no passion to thy soule perplexe,
But that thou maist all discontents remoue,
That may be hurtfull to thy happie loue.

Regard thy followers in a kind, as friends,
But make a difference in thine eyes affect:
And vse their seruice in such carefull kinds,
That wisedomes fame may speake of thy respect,
And well deserv'd rewards do not neglect.
For tis the hand, that doth the seruice binde,
Although the spirit doth command the minde.

Examine Reason by the rules of Grace,
And cherish valour, but in vertues choise.
In Natures Musique, dwell not on the Base,
And let thine eare be pleased in the voyce
That sounds the song, that makes the soule reioyce.
Auoyd all substance of the soules annoy:
And onely Iesus be thy spirits ioy.

If honor fall vpon thee vnawares,
Note how it comes, and how it may be gone:
And guide thy courses with such inward cares
Thy ground may still be sure to build vpon,
But needles humors neuer studie on.
For Time is pretious to perfections eies,
And brings the blessed soule to Paradise.

Follow the vvares but in a worthy cause,
And Court it but for affabilitie,
Be not a Reboll vnto honors lawes:
For tis a maime to true Gentilitie,
In all the notes of true Nobilitie.
So vse thy sword in field, at home thy pen,
Thou maist be both belou'd, and fear'd of men.

Let not a Shaft, a Bowle, a Cards, nor Die,
Take vp thy Rent a yeare before the day:
A Parats feather, nor a Faulcons eie,
Make thee too fast, to throw thy wealth away,
Left had I wist do keepe fooles holly day.
Esteeme a horse, according to his pace,
But loose no wagers on a vilde goose chase.

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Teare not thy throat with hollowing to hounds,
Nor ride thy horse to death, to seeke a Hawke:
Spoile not thine eyes with leuelling of grounds,
Nor barre thine honest neighbour of his walke,
But take no pleasure with a foole to talke.
But harken to the shepheards what they saine,
Both of the Sun shine, and a showre of raine.

Feed not too grosse, and drinke not ouer much,
The sparing diet is the spirits feaste:
The Pitch and Tarre, are daungerous to tuch,
And want of reason makes a man a beast:
Of forced euils euer chuse the least.
Be warned by a little, from the more,
And take heed of an inward breeding sore.

Wound not the conscience of a wofull hart,
Nor take delight in doing iniury:
But ease the sicke in his consuming smart,
And helpe the poore man in his misery:
So liue, so die, so liue, and neuer die.
Relieue thy friend, but not with all thou hast,
Least thou be driuen to seeke to him as fast.

Importune not a Prince in any suite,
Nor do a sutor long delaie his hope:
In cause of Iustice, be not ouer mute,
But in a malice, do no secrets ope:
But keepe thy care within discretions scope.
Smile at the bird, whose bill is ouerlong,
But neuer listen to the Cuckoes song.

Loose not thy paines, to teach an Owle to speake,
Nor striue to wash an Ethiopian white:
Make it no tryumph to subdue the weake,
But vse thy force, to put the proud to flight,
And in renowme, giue euery man his right.
Begin no more, then so thou mean'st to finish,
As of thine honor, may no sparke diminish.

Trauaile to learne diuersitie of Natures,
But keep at home, the care of thy content:
And euer haue respect vnto those creatures,
That haue their talents in thy seruice spent:
And loue the soule that is to vertue bent.
For euer keep this point of noblenes,
Let no man note thee of vnthankfulnes.

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Depraue not any that do well deserue,
Nor magnifie an idle headed wit:
Nor let thy will from wisedomes order swarue,
How euer humors disalow of it:
Manage affection with discretions bit.
For time will teach thee in true reasons creature,
A foole, is but the weake effect of nature.

In Princes Courts, do neuer presse too fast,
Nor shrinke a foote from thy desert of fame:
And slip no time, for once the humor past,
A pleasing fansie may be out of frame:
Shun all occasions of deserued blame.
But if vnwares, thou happen to offend,
Let witts excuse the care of will commend.

Grow not too great, for feare of Enuies figge,
Yet ioy in all that vertue may aduaunce:
Make not thy musique of a country Iigge,
But leaue the Lout, to tread the Moris daunce:
And keep thy sences from *Narcissus* traunce.
And follow not *Actæon* to the wood,
For feare *Diana*, do thee little good.

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Studie the lawe, but to maintaine thy state,
Diuinitie, to keep thy soule in peace:
Logicke, but only questions to debate,
Arithmeticke, but knowledge to encrease:
How numbers may both multiply and cease.
Philosophy, to iudge of Natures best,
And Phisicke, but grosse humors to digest.

And Rethoricke, to speake in tune and fence,
Musique, but to remoue melancholy:
Astrology, to know circumference,
For Architecture, learne Geometry,
And for thy trauaile, learne Cosmography.
For recreation, scorne not Poetry:
But for discourses, study History.

To haue a kind of superficiall sight,
In hawkes and hounds, and horse, and fowle, & fish:
Is not amisse, but let thy harts delight
Be neuer setled in an idle dish,
Nor shew thy folly in a wanton wish.
Be silent to thy selfe, what ere thou thinkest,
And take good heed, with whō, & where thou drinkest.

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Learne for instruction, Reede for exercise,
Practise for knowledge, and for gaine remember:
In worldly pleasures make no paradise,
Know that thou art of Christ his church a member,
And do not make thine Aprill in September.
Vnto thy God, in youth direct thy waies,
And he will blesse thee in thine aged daies.

Let Conscience know the title of a crowne,
Yet know withall, there is a king of kings:
Who hoisteth vp, and headlong tumbleth downe,
And all the world doth couer with his wings,
While heau'n and earth but of his glory sings.
To whom discharge the loue thou daily owest,
And he will blesse thee where so ere thou goest.

Winke at the world as though thou saw'st it not,
And all earths treasure, but as trash despise:
Let not thy folly lose that wit hath got,
Nor lose an Art, by lacke of exercise:
Yet let no labour, honor preiudice.
Be wisely sparing, but not miserable,
And rather die, then be dishonorable.

Feare

Feare not a Giant, for his monstrous shape,
The diuell cannot goe beyond his bounds:
Nor learne to play the Monkie with an Ape,
But keep thy selfe within discretions bounds,
And keep thee frō the worm the coscience wounds:
Thus in thy way, let wisedome euer guide thee,
And be assur'd, no euill can betide thee.

Do not awake the Lion in his denne,
Nor thinke the Foxe a foole before you trie him:
Nor put an Eagle in a Capons penne,
Nor trust a Wolfe, if that you come too nigh him,
But come not neare him, if you can goe by him,
For rauening beasts, haue wonderfull wide lawes,
And spoile what euer comes within their clawes.

Beate not the aire with hammers in thy head,
Whose dreaming labours, will but dull thy wit:
And do not put thy siluer into lead,
Except thou make a double gaine of it,
And euer do that may thine honor fit.
Know trades & traffique, merchants & their wares,
But spend thy spirit in more noble cares.

Be not condemned for a common Louer,
I meane, loue maker, to a world of weemen.
For care can hardly credit loſt recouer,
And who are bound, can neuer well be free men.
Beautie hath cunning in her eyes to ſee men.
For where ſhe leads the heart vnto her eies,
She leads it finely in fooles paradies.

Boaſt not vpon the brauery of youth,
Nor ſcorne the weakneſſe of decrepit age:
But hold this for a principle of truth,
Death hath a part vpon this worldly ſtage,
Where none can ſcape the furie of his rage.
A Tragedie, where old and young are ſlaine,
But ſpight of death, the vertuous liue againe.

Spend not thy cares vpon a ſelfe conceit,
In grieuing for that neuer can be had:
Nor let thy wit an idle will await,
VVhere giddie humors are inclin'd to gad;
And let not melancholy make thee mad.
For better ſhut thine eyes from ſuch a light,
Then haue thy heart tormented by the ſight.

Spare to discourse vpon experience,
And alwaies rather answere then demaund:
And let no passion shewe impatience,
But make entreatie where thou maist commaund:
And neuer be with flatterers ouerlawd.
Nor stand too much vpon thine owne opinion,
How euer *Rallio* make thee for her minion.

Let not a Princesse fauour make thee proud,
Nor grieue too much vpon a small disgrace:
Beare not affection to a filthy dowd,
Nor make an idoll of a painted face:
Nor loue a colt but of a coursers race.
Nor vow thy seruice to mistaken Saints,
Whose true deities are but honors Saints.

Weare not a feather in a showre of raine,
Nor swagger with a Swiser for his swill:
Put not thy spirit and too much paine,
In searching secrets farre aboue thy skill:
And know a halbert from a hedging bill.
And euer note those noble points of nature,
That truly make an honorable creature.

Forbeare thy fury on a ſuddaine rage,
Yet in thy right be euer reſolute:
And let true patience choller ſo aſſwage,
That honors quarrell may be abſolute:
Leſt raſhnes too much reaſon ouerſhute.
For carefull valor in a cauſe of ſtrife,
Strengthens the hart, and giues the ſpirit life.

Flie *Machiuile* his vile inſtructions,
Which are but poyſons to a princely minde:
And noted well, are but deſtructions,
That do the world with wicked humors blinde:
And do the ſoule to helliſh ſeruice binde.
Where nothing for gaine muſt be forbidden,
While diuels in the ſhape of men are hidden.

Note what is done, by whom, and how, and when,
And marke what iſſue growes of each euent:
If by the ſword, the purſe, or by the pen,
And where the honor of the action went:
And how to take it for a preſident.
For many things haue many times bene done,
That had bene better, neu're had bene begun.

Know

Know all the courses that thou canst attaine,
But follow onely that may do thee good:
In questions alwaies make thy meaning plaine,
Obscured thoughts are hardly vnderstood,
But let not choller ouerheate thy bloud.
So shall thy feare of fortunes force be small,
And thou shalt stand when other men do fall.

Take heed my sonne, thy soule be not deceiued
With any straunge, or all too strong illusion:
For cares best wit cannot be misconceiued,
Which sees the force of follies close intrusion,
While heedlesse will brings wit vnto confusion.
Be wise my sonne, in heau'nly wisedomes booke,
And thou shalt angle with no diuels hooke.

Loue not a Iester, nor a hackney Iade,
Time is but lost in either of their triall:
Rather regard the mattocke and the spade,
And take the sunne to be thy trueſt diall:
Where thou shalt see the foole a knauish spiall.
Shake off the lowse that hangs vpon thy cloathes,
And hate the swearer that is full of oathes.

The ruffian, ruds-by, and the bafcall flye,
But loue the vertuous, valiant, and the kinde:
Looke towards heauen, and let the world go lye,
And make thy body subiect to thy minde:
How ere thou winkest, be not wilfull blinde.
But looke into the glory of that grace,
That makes the faithfull spit in sathans face.

Confound the diuell with the word of God,
Looke to thy soule, it is the special part:
And loue the life that death hath ouertrod,
And to thy Sauiour wholly giue thy hart:
Who saues his seruants from infernall smart.
And when thy greatest sorrow doth assaile thee,
Trust in his mercie, that will neuer faile thee.

Mine owne deare sonne, I am no deepe diuine,
But what my God hath taught me, that I teach thee:
Beseeching him to blesse that soule of thine,
That no illusion euer ouerreach thee,
Nor wilfull sinne of lacke of grace impeach thee.
Nor faithlesse thought may euer so deface thee,
But that his mercie euer will embrace thee.

But for my notes of natures obseruations,
By long experience to my paines reuealed:
Where truths cõstructiõs made those confirmatiõs,
That too much proofe hath for assurance sealed:
Which priuate care hath from the world concealed.
To thee my sonne, and for thy good I hope,
I do this casket of my Iewels ope.

Esteeme them richer then a masse of gold,
And part not with them for a world of wealth:
For such a treasure is not to be sold,
As is both for the soule and bodies health,
Then leaue them not vnto vnworthy stealth:
But in thy bosome, locke them as their louer,
Till good occasion bid thee looke them ouer.

And when thou findest that fitteth with thy minde,
And leads thee to the groundworke of thy good:
Go forward still, and further seeke to finde,
How best the substance may be vnderstood;
That after purging breeds the liuely blood.
And thou shalt feele such pleasure in thy paine,
As idle spirits haue no power to gaine.

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And ere I grow too fast vnto an end,
Let me a litle furthermore aduise thee:
Be carefull in affecting of a friend,
Least subtill kindnesse cunningly surprise thee:
And let thus much for such respect suffice thee.
Let honour, valour, truth, and wit allure thee,
Or neuer of a faithfull friend assure thee.

For parentage affect equalitie,
For learning, vertue ioind with eloquence:
For bountie, wisedomes liberalitie,
For valour, resolutions patience:
For profit, labour with experience.
For honour, vertues inclination,
For spirit, graces inspiration.

Thus chuse a friend, if thou wilt fauour any,
For these are they that cannot alter nature:
But fauour fewe, for if thou mak'st of many,
Thou wilt be held a simple witted creature:
Take heed therefore of a dissembling feature,
Sound the condition, and approue it sound,
Before thy faith be to thy fauour bound.

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But if thou find'st a minde of that true worth,
That is not matcht in all the brokers shops:
Whence thou canst draw that true loues liquor forth,
Which is not season'd with vnsauery hops:
While faiths strong pillars need no vnderprops.
All as a Phœnix, do esteeme that friend,
With whom thy life with thy affection end.

But if a smoothing tongue, a fleering face,
A capping knee, with double diligence,
By close colloging creepe into thy grace,
To make an vse of thy magnificence;
Know he will but abuse thy patience.
Away with such, and from thy care discard them,
They purchase but disgrace that regard them.

And if he seeke to vndermine thy thought,
And go about thee with a bad inuention:
And do denie thy due desire in ought
That may performe the truth of his intention:
Or stand on termes in causes of contention;
Then do thus much for thy assurance know,
A hollow friend is but a hellish foe.

And now for knowing of thine enemy,
Let this suffice for reasons true direction:
Who doth intrude into thy company,
And make a shewe of too too much affection:
Such nimble wits haue euer in reiection.
And by a serpents hisse, and beare whelpes eie,
Mistrust the treason of an enemie.

If he perswade thee to disloyall thought,
Imagine him a villaine in the height;
If that he haue with wanton humors wrought,
Know that an Idoll is the diuels baite:
And if he cheat thee with a gaming sleight,
In cares discretion leaue his company,
And hold him for a cunning enemy.

If he importune thee with borrowing,
Or careless lie vpon thy purses spending:
Or daily put thee off with morrowing,
Till want do make thee wearie of thy lending,
Then in the care of better thrifts commending,
Shake off a varlet in his villany,
And hold him for an inward enemy.

But leauing more of friends, or foes to ſpeake,
The one too fewe, the other all too many:
So many friends, their friendſhips daily breake,
That fewe are faithfull, if that fewe be any:
The Sunne ſo ſoone, the painted face will tawny.
That he that hath the world well ouergone,
Findes foes too many, friends, but fewe or none.

But when thou wilt a ſeruant fitly chuſe,
Haue great regard vnto his qualitie:
Leſt lacke of care, thy kindnes do abuſe:
Allow no counterfeit formalitie:
No prigging theft, nor prodigalitie.
No pot companion, nor no prating knaue,
Nor lazie Raſcall, nor vncomely ſlaue.

No ſlouen, ſluggard, nor ſheep-biter dogge,
No wencher, night walker, nor game player:
No leering copes, mate, nor no grunting hogge,
No lyar, ſwearer, brabler, nor way layer:
No ſawcie Ieſter, nor ſoothſayer.
No daintie tooth, nor double diligence,
Nor him that hath a world wide conſcience.

But ſober, honeſt, wittie, thriftie, kinde,
Good ſhape, good face, expert, and laborous,
Good hand, good heart, good ſpirit, & good minde,
Diſcreetly carefull, but not couetous:
Faithfull and firme, in perfect truths approuing,
And think that ſeruant kindly worth the louing.

Now if thy ſeruant vnawares offend,
In ſecret giue him reprehenſion:
But if you ſee he care not to amend,
Nor of aduice take better apprehenſion,
Miſtruſt his ſpirit of ſome ill intention.
Away with him, and turne him to diſgrace,
And ſeeke to put a better in his place.

But laſt of all, and not the leaſt in charge,
I wiſh thee looke into thy loues conſort:
For when the heart hath left the eye at large,
Venus commaunds where *Cupid* ſcales the fort:
As all too many, all too true report.
Be carefull therefore in thy thoughts affection,
That they be gouern'd by a good direction.

Beautie

Beautie with vertue, honour ioynd with kindnesse;
Wit with some wealth, a person without pride:
True nobleneſſe, without ambitious blindneſſe;
Faire haird, straight bodied, sweet countenance, and cleare eide;
A spirit where no poison doth abide.
Where these sweet birds do all in one bush sing,
Who would not spend his life in such a spring?

But if she be ilfauourd, blind, and old,
A prattle basket, or an idle slut:
A sleepie huswife, or a hatefull scold,
Or such a sparrow as will not keepe cut:
Spoile not thy teeth with cracking such a nut.
For in the world there is no greater hell,
Then in a house with such a hagge to dwell.

Or if complexion with condition meete,
A Croidon sanguine, and a curriſh nature:
A minde that treads good manners vnder feete,
A sorrell foretop, and a sowiſh feature:
God blesse thee sonne, from such a wicked creature.
And let thee rather leade a single life,
Then kill thy selfe, to liue with such a wife.

Learne then to chuse the best, and leaue the worst,
And chusing well, make much of such a choise:
And thou shalt see while other liue accurst,
Thy heart and soule shall inwardly reioyce:
Oh heartie loue is such a heauenly voyce,
As he that know it, or doth kindly heare it,
Will finde no musicke in the world come neare it.

But I will leaue thee to the heauens direction,
Beseeching God of his high heauenly grace:
To settle so the care of thy affection,
It take no roote in an vnworthy place:
But that a virgins eye, and Angels face,
So make thee ioyfull of thy happie chaine,
That fancie bound, would not be free againe.

But that this course, and euerie other care,
May purchase and continue thy content:
And that thy soule may liue, where vertues are,
The happie soules eternall ornament:
To him that fram'd the highest firmament.
Thy heart and soule in loue all humbly bow,
And to his will, thy seruice truly vow.

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At morne, at noone, at euening, day, and night,
Vnto his mercie do con[illegible] thy sin:
And begge of him, to cleare thy blinded sight,
And teach thy spirit how it may begin
To finde the way that gracious loue may win.
Pray, weepe, and cry, vntill thou hast obtained
Into his seruice to be entertained.

And when thou feel'st the spirit of that grace
That rules the heau'ns, come downe into thy hart:
And so thy thoughts in order all to place,
That vertue do dispose of euery part:
When thus thou feelest that thou blessed art,
Pray for continuance of that comforts blisse,
That keepes the soule, it cannot go amisse.

And when thou feel'st the loathing of that sinne,
That long misled, that mournfull soule of thine:
And the true way of grace art entred in,
That doth the soule to sacred loue encline,
And doth assure thee of the loue diuine,
Then let thy heart, thy minde, and spirit sing,
An Halleluiah to thy heauenly King.

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Begin with glory to his [illegible],
Proceed with glorie to [illegible] holy name:
Coutinue glorie to his Deitie,
And end with glorie to his worthy fame:
And endlesse be the glorie of the same.
Begin, proceed, continue, end his glory,
Without beginning, neuer ending glory.

O highest glory, in the heau'ns aboue,
O brightest glory, of heau'ns behoue:
O purest glory, before heau'ns to proue,
O blessed glory, aboue heau'ns to loue:
O louely glory, that all loue doth moue.
O gracious glory, that all grace beginneth,
O glorious glory, that all glory winneth.

Thus my deare sonne, sing vnto God thy Lord,
And sing in tune, that heau'ns may ioy to heare:
And let thy tongue, thy heart, and soule accord,
To chaunt it out with such a ioyfull cheare,
That heau'ns may see, thou hold'st their master deare.
And thy true faith may in thy spirit proue,
The liuing comfort of thy heau'nly loue.

But

But if thou doost not serue thy God aright,
And humbly feare his holy Maiestie:
Thy cleareſt day will turne to darkſome night,
Thy wealth to want, thy wit to vanitie:
Thine eaſe to paine, ioy to calamitie.
Thy ſweeteſt muſicke to a mournfull quell,
Thy life to death, thy hope of heauen to hell.

For though a while he ſuffer thee to thriue,
And finde on earth a fayned paradies:
Yet death will come, who quickly will depriue,
Thy ſences of the pleaſures of thine eies:
Wherein th'illuſion of thy ſpirit lies.
And thou wilt be within thy ſoule ſo torne,
As thou wouldſt wiſh, thou neuer hadſt bin borne.

A world of woes will ouerwhelme thy heart,
And fearefull dreames affright thee in the night:
A thouſand torments will encreaſe thy ſmart,
And dreadfull viſions will thy ſoule affright:
Thou ſhalt be bard from the eternall light.
And in the darkneſſe, where all horrors dwell,
Thy ſoule ſhall burne in euerlaſting hell.

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Where thou ſhalt ſee the miſer-minded-dogge,
Frie in the furnace of his molten gold:
The glutton monſter, and the drunken hogge,
Gnawing their bones, with hunger, thirſt, and cold:
The murtherer in paines not to be told.
The leacher ſo bedight in beaſtlineſſe,
As kills his ſoule to ſee his filthineſſe.

The tyrant tortur'd with thoſe vgly ſpirits,
That fed his humour with the thirſt of blood:
The traitor follow'd with thoſe hungry ferits,
That onely fed vpon the poyſned food
Of damned ſoules, that neuer did man good.
The theefe tormented with the ſhameleſſe lyer,
The ſwearers mouth, all in a flame of fyer.

The pander and the wicked paraſite,
Shall ſup the broath of helliſh beaſtlineſſe:
The heretike in wilfull ouerſight,
Shall feed vpon the froth of fooliſhneſſe:
Boyld in the fire of all vnfaithfulneſſe.
The Atheiſt ſo ſhall feele Gods vengeance on him,
That all the plagues of hell ſhall fall vpon him.

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The vniust Iudge, at least if there be any,
The bribing client of ill conscience:
The periur'd witnesse whereof are too many,
The plotting pate of sinfull pestilence;
The wrothfull spirit of impatience:
All these shall iustly all their torments beare,
But God blesse thee from seeing of them there.

But if thou rightly serue thy Lord and God,
And day and houre do sue to him for grace:
When faithfull Truth this world hath ouertrod,
Thy soule shall flye vnto a fairer place;
Where thou shalt see thy Sauiour in the face;
And in that face, that euerlasting blis,
In which the brightnesse of all glory is.

There shalt thou see frō hie the day-light springing,
Which darksome night hath neuer power to shade:
There shalt thou heare the Saints & Angels singing,
And all their ditties to his glory made;
There shalt thou feele the ioyes that neuer fade.
There shall thy soule more perfect ioyes possesse,
Then tongue, or heart, or spirit, can expresse.

There

There shalt thou see the bounteous richly crowned,
The gratious Prince in Angels armes embraced:
The vertuous souldiers with the Saints renowmed;
The Iudge of Iustice, in high honor placed:
The faithfull witnes, in Truthes favour graced.
The virgins singing, in the Angels quier,
How patient hopes vnto their heau'n aspire!

There shalt thou feele the blessed ioy of peace,
Wherein the life of holy loue doth rest:
There shalt thou heare the Musicke neuer cease,
Where Angels voyces euer are adrest,
In their best tunes to sound his glory best.
Where euery one a blessed part doth beare,
God blesse thee sonne, to set them euer there.

Amen.

FINIS.

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